[redacted]

Tazewell's Favorite Eccentric

trade

[redacted]

24630

Love

Work

time

zine love

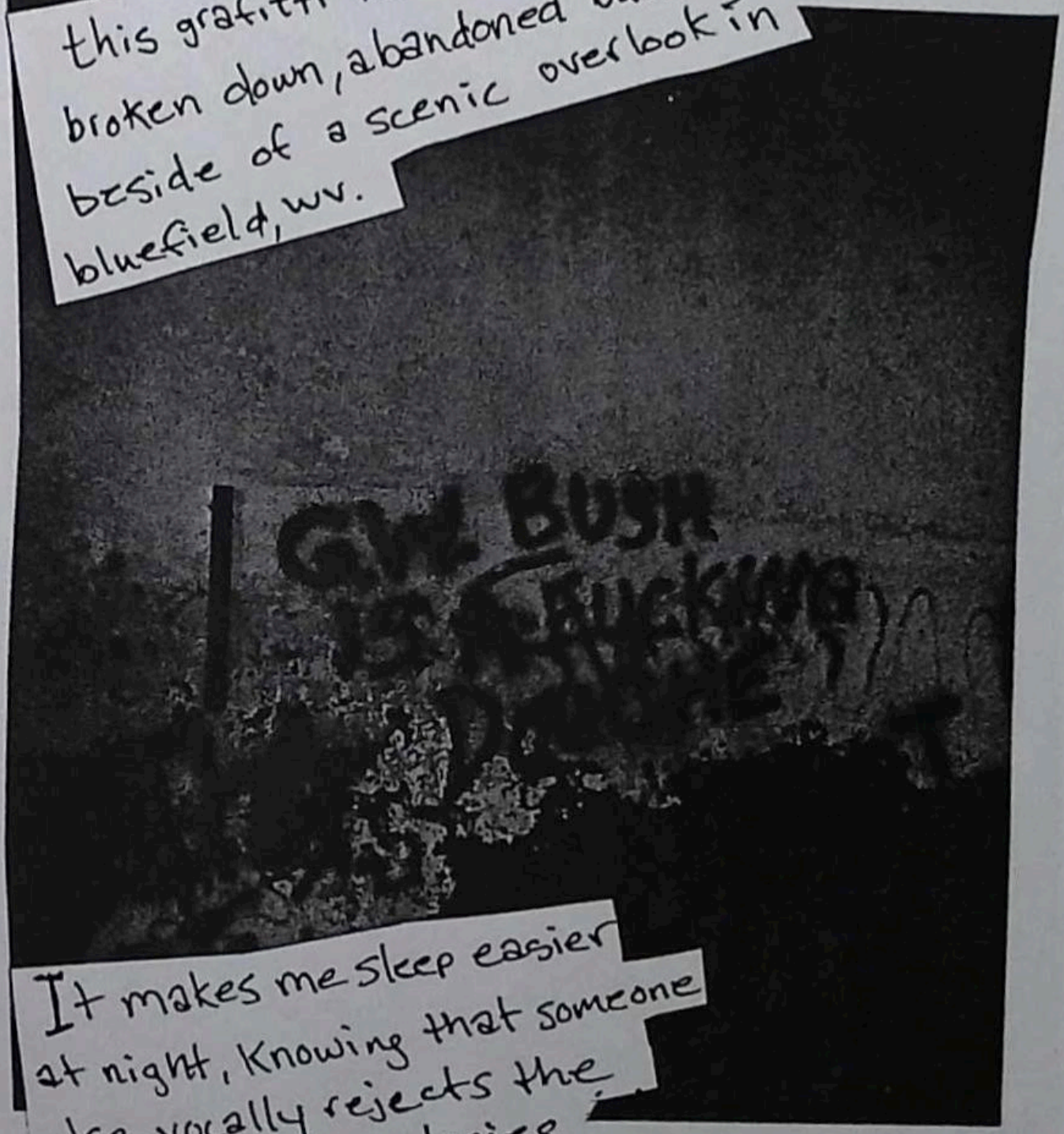
community

(and lots of other random things)

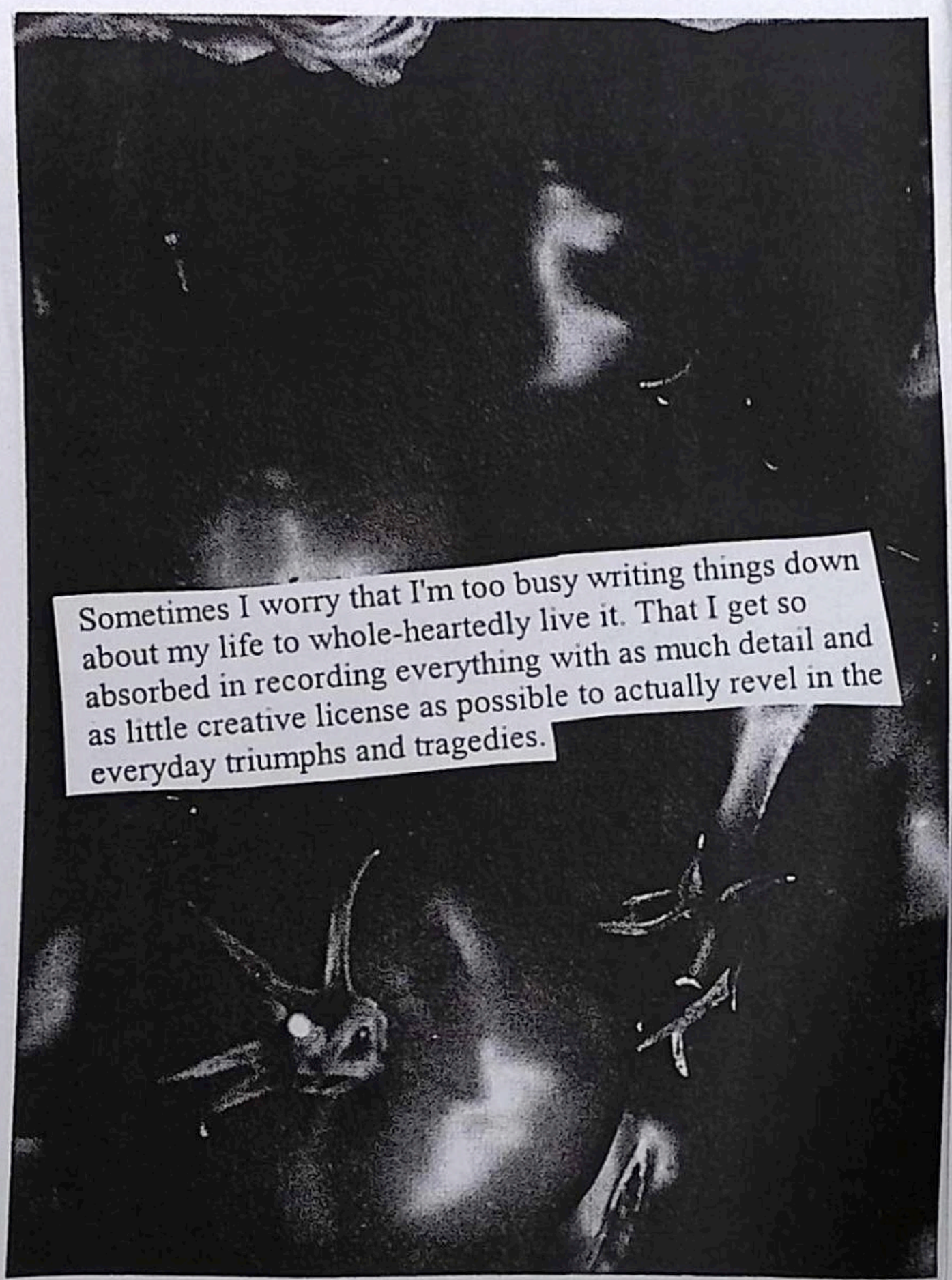
[redacted]

Intro

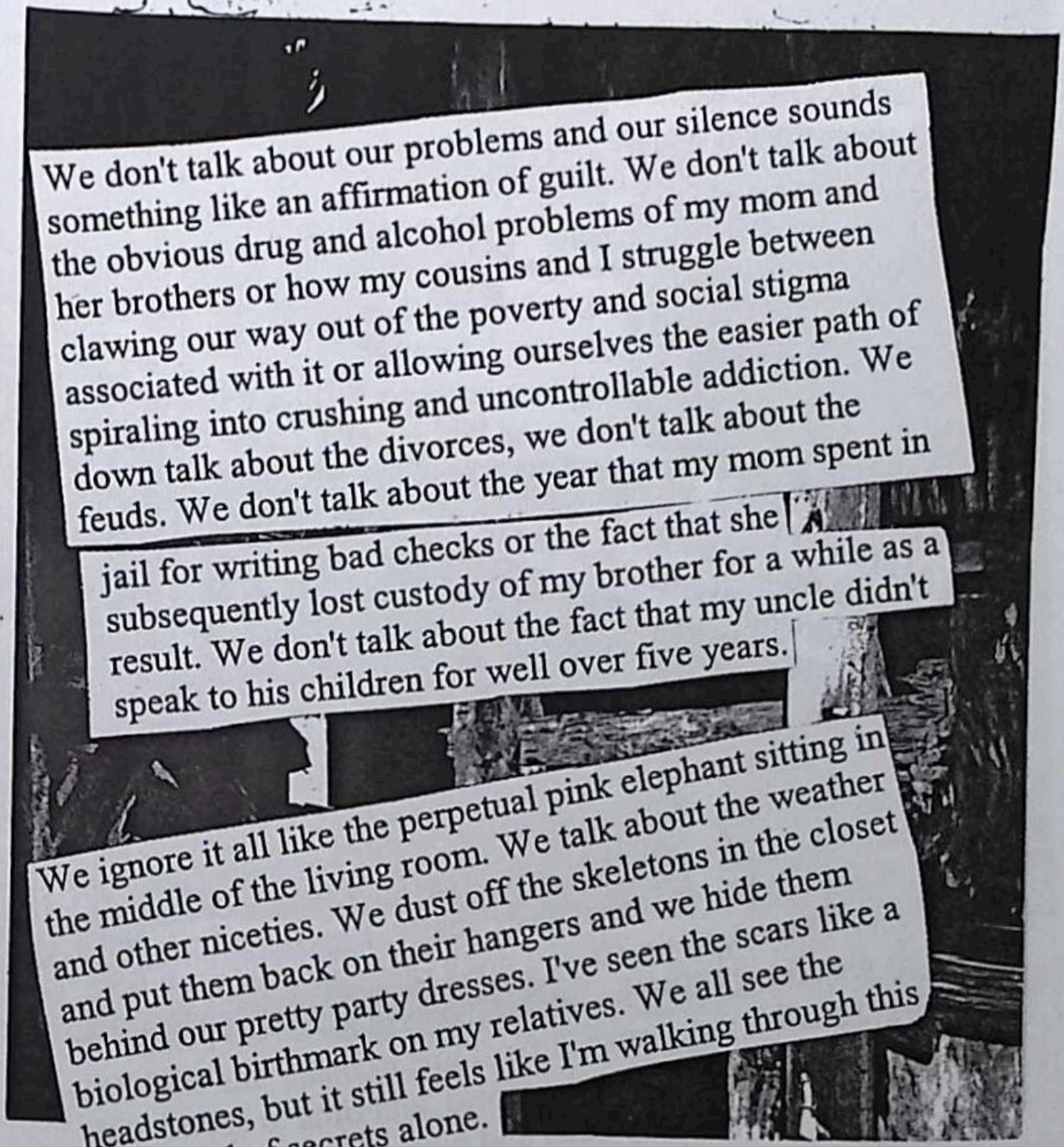
this grafitti is from a broken down, abandoned building beside of a scenic overlook in bluefield, wv.



It makes me sleep easier at night, knowing that someone else vocally rejects the right wing ideologies common to the reigon...

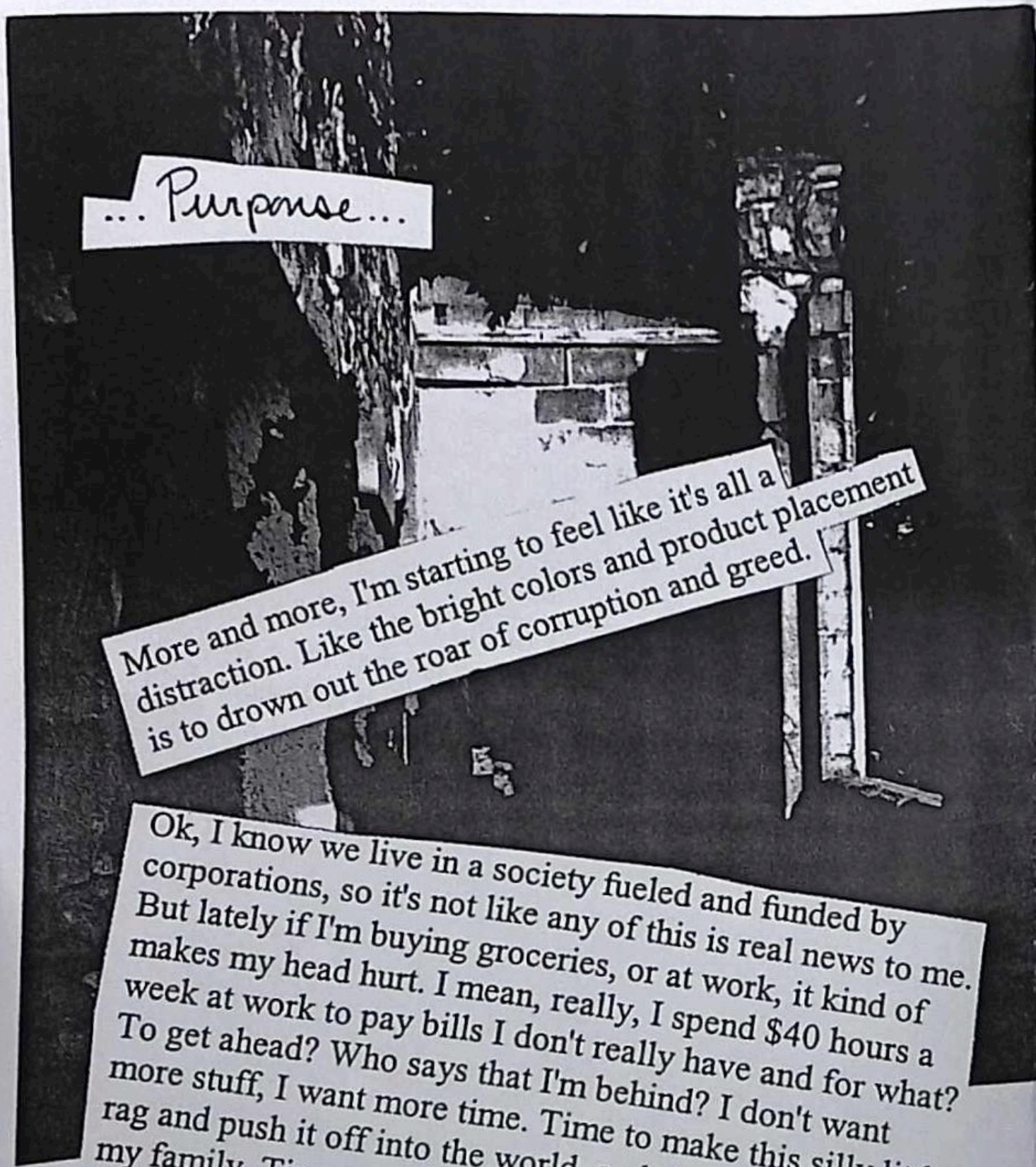

Sometimes I worry that I'm too busy writing things down about my life to whole-heartedly live it. That I get so absorbed in recording everything with as much detail and as little creative license as possible to actually revel in the everyday triumphs and tragedies.

Silence = Suffocation



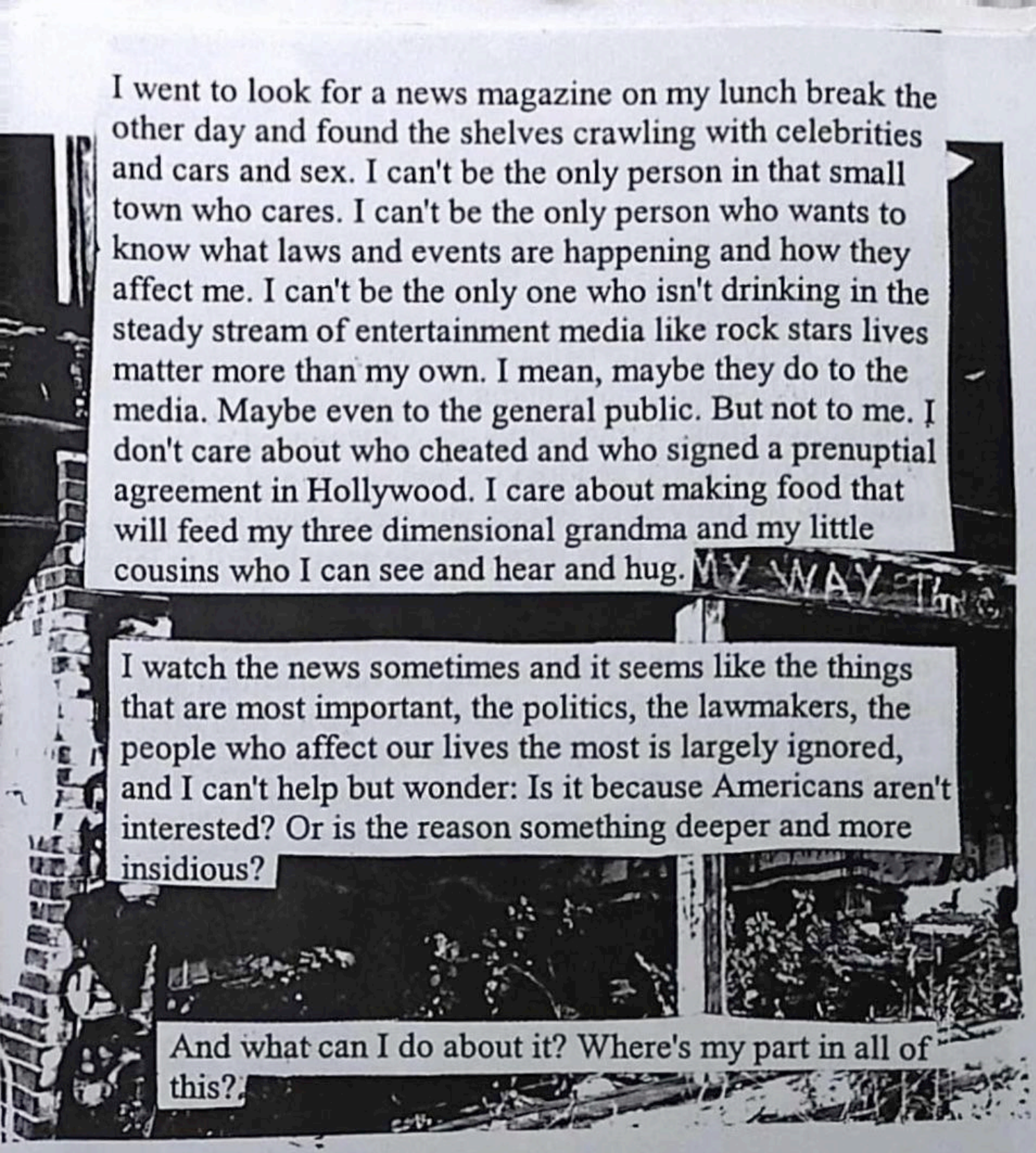
We don't talk about our problems and our silence sounds something like an affirmation of guilt. We don't talk about the obvious drug and alcohol problems of my mom and her brothers or how my cousins and I struggle between clawing our way out of the poverty and social stigma associated with it or allowing ourselves the easier path of spiraling into crushing and uncontrollable addiction. We down talk about the divorces, we don't talk about the feuds. We don't talk about the year that my mom spent in jail for writing bad checks or the fact that she subsequently lost custody of my brother for a while as a result. We don't talk about the fact that my uncle didn't speak to his children for well over five years.

We ignore it all like the perpetual pink elephant sitting in the middle of the living room. We talk about the weather and other niceties. We dust off the skeletons in the closet and put them back on their hangers and we hide them behind our pretty party dresses. I've seen the scars like a biological birthmark on my relatives. We all see the headstones, but it still feels like I'm walking through this graveyard of secrets alone.


... Purpose ...
More and more, I'm starting to feel like it's all a distraction. Like the bright colors and product placement is to drown out the roar of corruption and greed.

Ok, I know we live in a society fueled and funded by corporations, so it's not like any of this is real news to me. But lately if I'm buying groceries, or at work, it kind of makes my head hurt. I mean, really, I spend $40 hours a week at work to pay bills I don't really have and for what? To get ahead? Who says that I'm behind? I don't want more stuff, I want more time. Time to make this silly little rag and push it off into the world, and time to spend with my family. Time to garden and hike, and laugh and write letters.

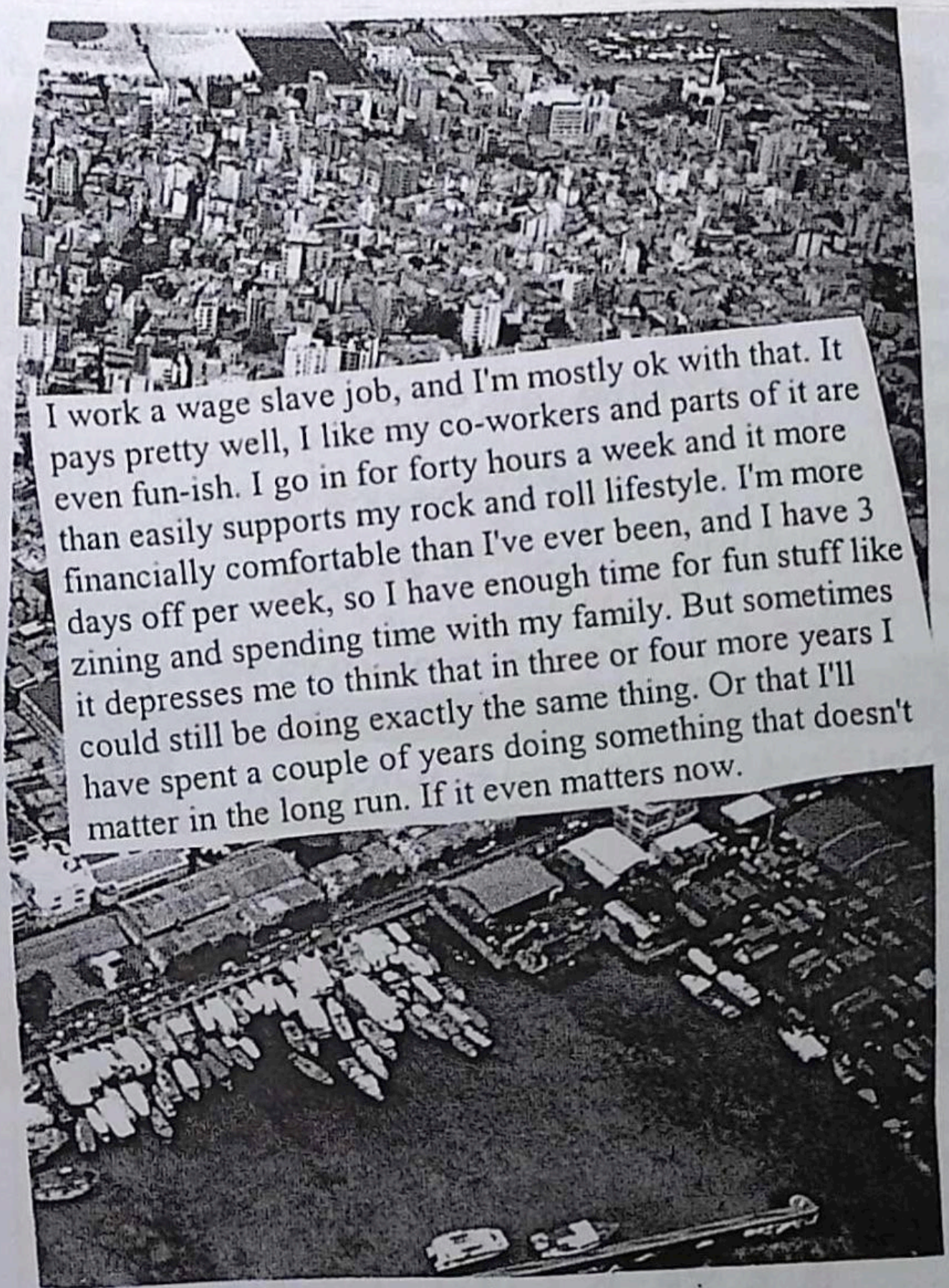
I went to look for a news magazine on my lunch break the other day and found the shelves crawling with celebrities and cars and sex. I can't be the only person in that small town who cares. I can't be the only person who wants to know what laws and events are happening and how they affect me. I can't be the only one who isn't drinking in the steady stream of entertainment media like rock stars lives matter more than my own. I mean, maybe they do to the media. Maybe even to the general public. But not to me. I don't care about who cheated and who signed a prenuptial agreement in Hollywood. I care about making food that will feed my three dimensional grandma and my little cousins who I can see and hear and hug.



I watch the news sometimes and it seems like the things that are most important, the politics, the lawmakers, the people who affect our lives the most is largely ignored, and I can't help but wonder: Is it because Americans aren't interested? Or is the reason something deeper and more insidious?

And what can I do about it? Where's my part in all of this?

Love's a tricky bitch, isn't it? We seek it out to define us, totally, body, soul and spirit. How many dead clichés are there still floating around about the subject? It's a many splendored thing. It transforms us. All you need is love. Better to have loved and lost . . . and so on, and so on right into the proverbial sunset. But what about when you actually have love? How many people actually fall in love with the appropriate person? At the right time? And those silly movies that imply that after the initial conflict is resolved that it's all smooth sailing? Oversimplified and idealistic. What happens the day after happily ever after? The mundane, day-to-day choices are the most heroic to me. Simple things that involve looking over your partner's flaws, or wholeheartedly embracing a terrible singing voice or the tendency to leave the toilet seat up. Ignoring the prurient interests of people outside of your relationship. A favorite meal prepared with love. And you know what? Love IS a tricky bitch. It IS hard to participate in a confrontation where no one wins. Or to be honest when it's uncomfortable. What worth having was ever easy?



I work a wage slave job, and I'm mostly ok with that. It pays pretty well, I like my co-workers and parts of it are even fun-ish. I go in for forty hours a week and it more than easily supports my rock and roll lifestyle. I'm more financially comfortable than I've ever been, and I have 3 days off per week, so I have enough time for fun stuff like zining and spending time with my family. But sometimes it depresses me to think that in three or four more years I could still be doing exactly the same thing. Or that I'll have spent a couple of years doing something that doesn't matter in the long run. If it even matters now.

Why do you need to talk about it?

It happened so long ago. You're just picking at scabs. What are you? Some kind of emotional masochist? Why can't you just leave well enough alone? just let it go. you make other people uncomfortable. you're only hurting yourself. Why can't you just get over it?

Ravaged

ignoring the problem doesn't solve it. denying that it happened doesn't heal the scars that it left. if i don't talk about it, i'm ignoring an event that helped shape my life, for better or worse.

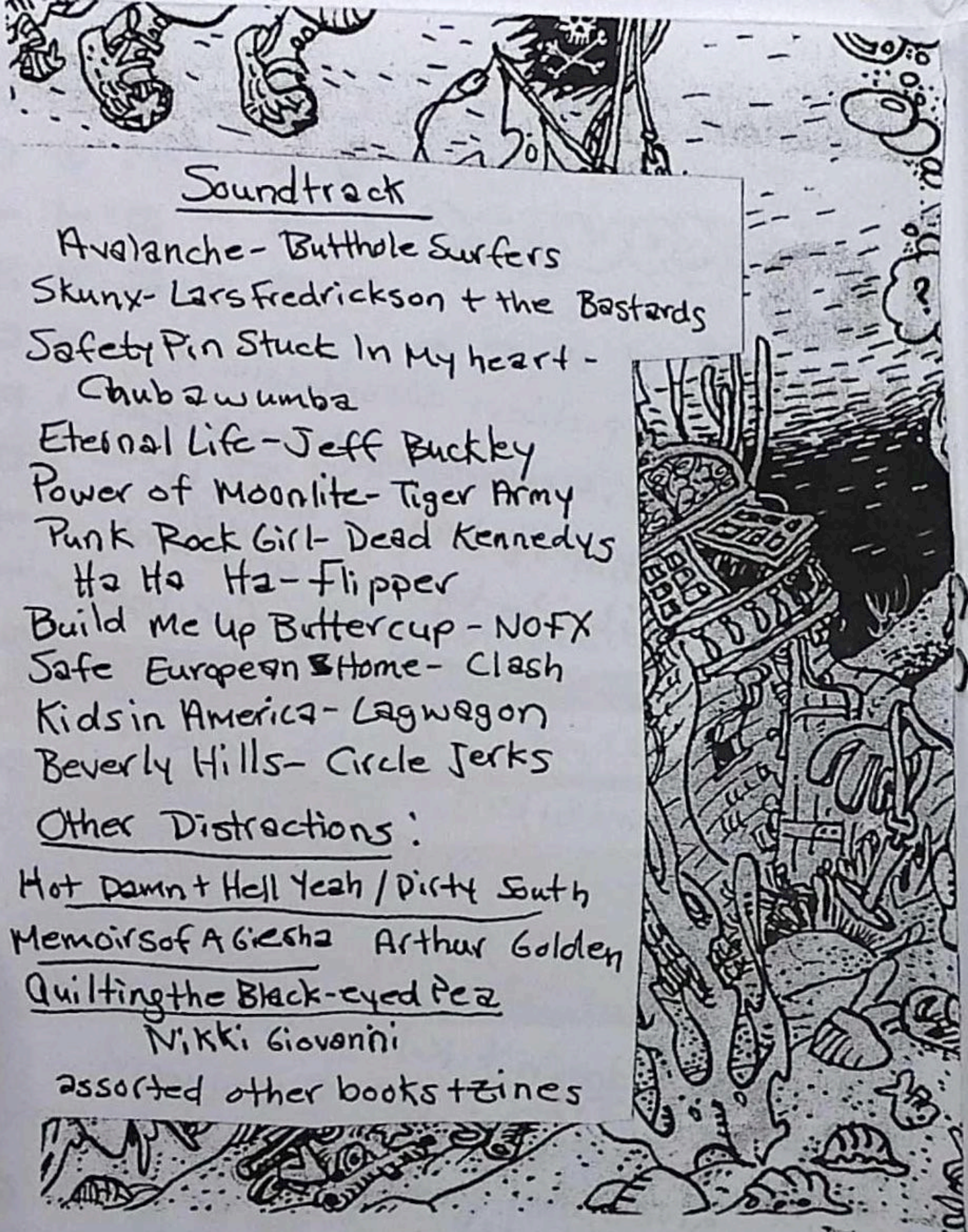
if i'm silent, then I have no weapons. i am unarmed in the daily battle with the past. but given voice, I can face it head on. what doesn't kill us, only makes us stronger, right? Every word gives me power over my demons.

Soundtrack

Avalanche - Butthole Surfers
Skunx - Lars Fredrickson + the Bastards
Safety Pin Stuck In My heart - Chubawumba
Eternal Life - Jeff Buckley
Power of Moonlite - Tiger Army
Punk Rock Girl - Dead Kennedys
Ha Ha Ha - Flipper
Build Me Up Buttercup - NOFX
Safe European Home - Clash
Kids in America - Lagwagon
Beverly Hills - Circle Jerks

Other Distractions:

Hot Damn + Hell Yeah / Dirty South
Memoirs of A Geisha Arthur Golden
Quilting the Black-eyed Pea
Nikki Giovanni
assorted other books + zines



own living room.

Time seems to be a pretty valuable asset lately. How much I have or don't have... how much I spend working or poking around at home. I cutback my hours at work so that I would be able to spend more time doing what I want. I have less money, but so what? I'd rather have more time than more stuff.

to keep. Here's

ust released a
manual dealing-
that has fasci-
man race since
of time. That
ng your min
want in life
e ability of
ect thought
with oth
body – g...
the traditional
nual takes this
ct and develone

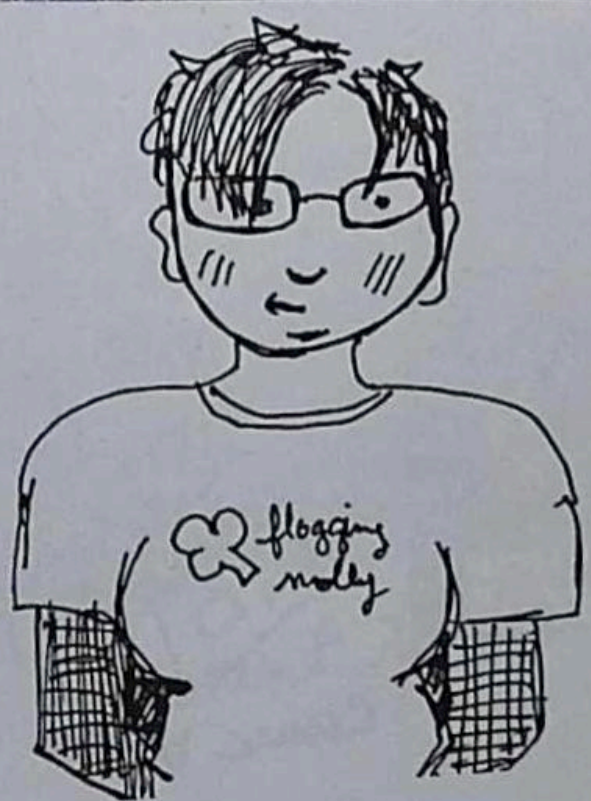
Keep this F
reviewing
Do you da
look at yourself
ping you from
still making ex
can't afford tha
plush new hom

"what" it is th
successful. M
to pinpoint it.
connections
education... o
Yet the

time, you'll whatev
persuasion
technique to comm
just a single
group of fo
This time,
project a thought co

66 Time Marches On 99

as you wi
Does all
sible? Not
believe – bu



So. Now I can get back to my REAL life. I can take better care of myself & my grandma. Spend more time with family, reconnect with friends. Plant a garden. Feed people. Make zines. Watch movies. Have more fun.

themselves —
AND SUCCESSF

I call this technique PSP –
the Art

1 in 3
certai
ould
res. A
anding
e!

I cut back on my hours at work, but I don't work less. I just work on things that matter more.

Return the
days. Mail right

these are a few of my favorite things ♥

ZINE

SARAH R./TFE

gardening

TRADES

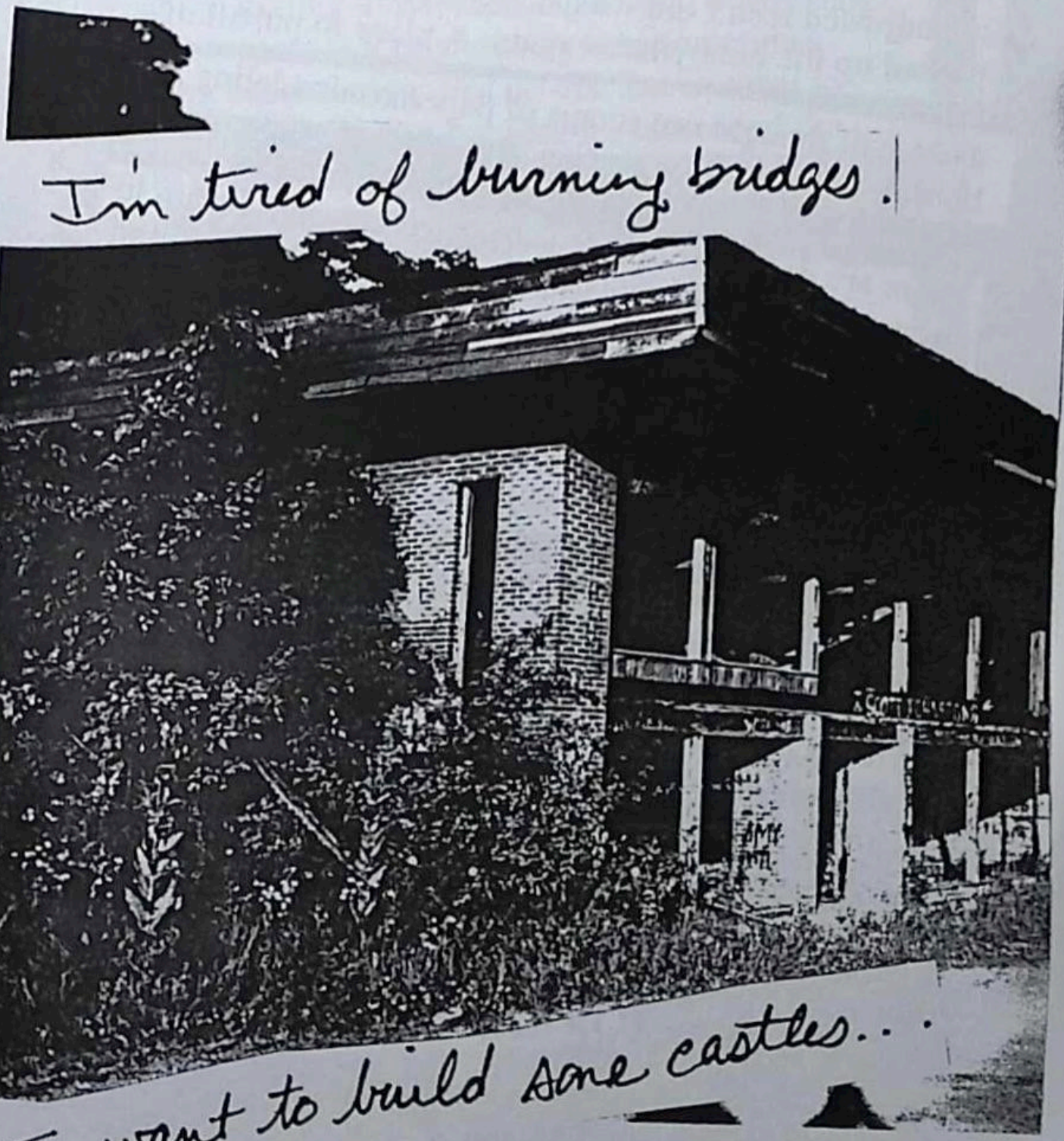
♥ hannah ♥

MIX TAPES

(cookin') stuff

YO-YO's

Comic books

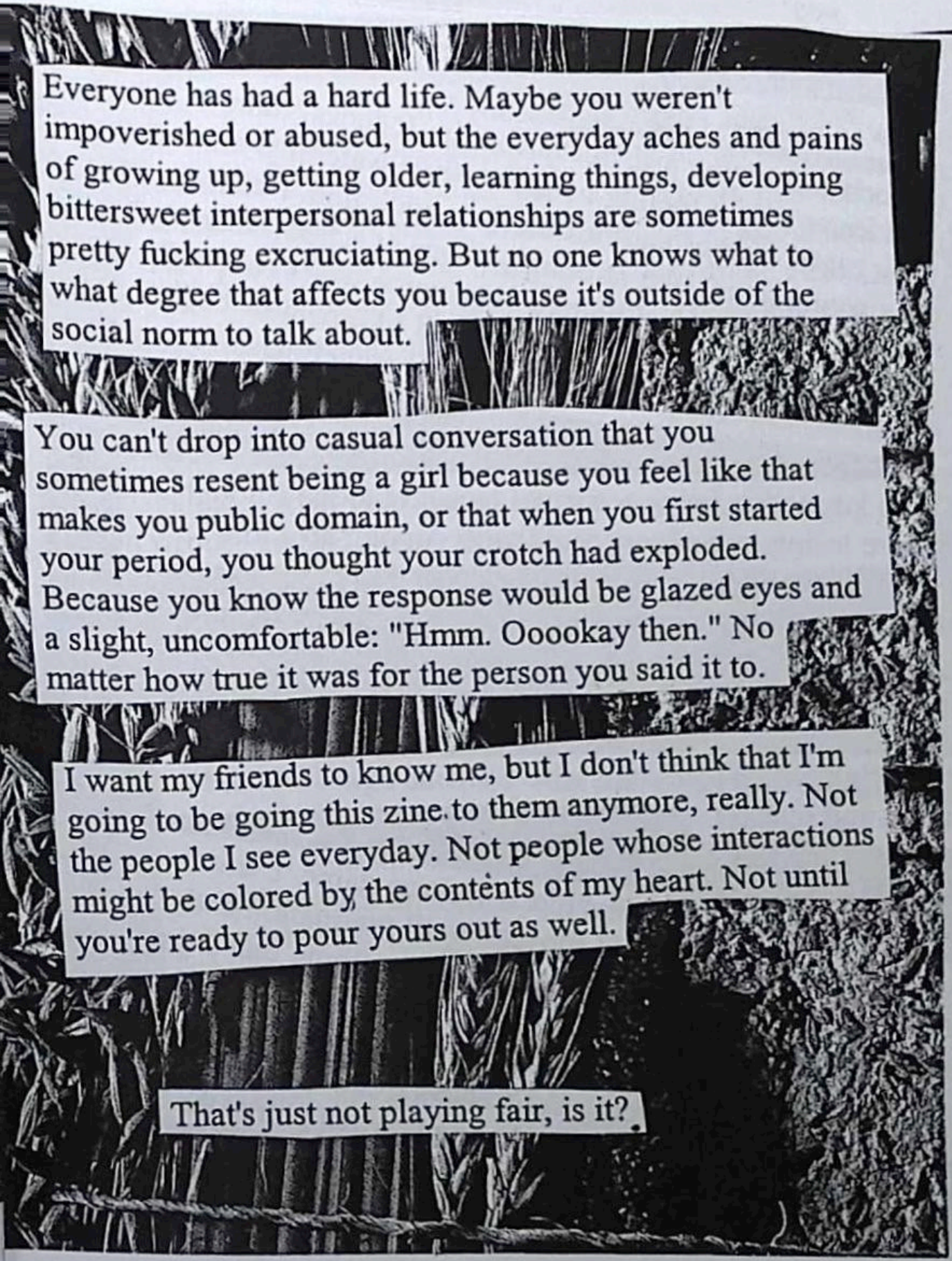

I'm tired of burning bridges.
I want to build some castles...

I've been reading other people's zines a lot lately. Wondering what motivates us to do this. When I was a maladjusted teen I did it as an outlet, and I think it's why I picked up the hobby/habit again. A place to put all of those half thought out scraps of paper accumulating at the bottom of my messenger bag.

There are days that I can't even articulate what I want to share with you, the reader. I want to rip out my guts and smear them on this paper you're reading so that the most hurtful, painful things are on the outside, not festering inside of me. I want you to read this, nod, maybe tear up and think . . . yeah, I know what she's talking about. It's not just me. I'm not the only one.

I want to make the personal political. I want to translate my life for your eyes, but there are limits on what's feasible to do in a zine that you sometimes let your friends read. Because you don't want them to look at you with pity and explain away all of your actions as: she's had a hard life.

big dreams / high hopes


Everyone has had a hard life. Maybe you weren't impoverished or abused, but the everyday aches and pains of growing up, getting older, learning things, developing bittersweet interpersonal relationships are sometimes pretty fucking excruciating. But no one knows what to what degree that affects you because it's outside of the social norm to talk about.
You can't drop into casual conversation that you sometimes resent being a girl because you feel like that makes you public domain, or that when you first started your period, you thought your crotch had exploded. Because you know the response would be glazed eyes and a slight, uncomfortable: "Hmm. Ooookay then." No matter how true it was for the person you said it to.
I want my friends to know me, but I don't think that I'm going to be going this zine to them anymore, really. Not the people I see everyday. Not people whose interactions might be colored by the contents of my heart. Not until you're ready to pour yours out as well.
That's just not playing fair, is it?

dear _____.

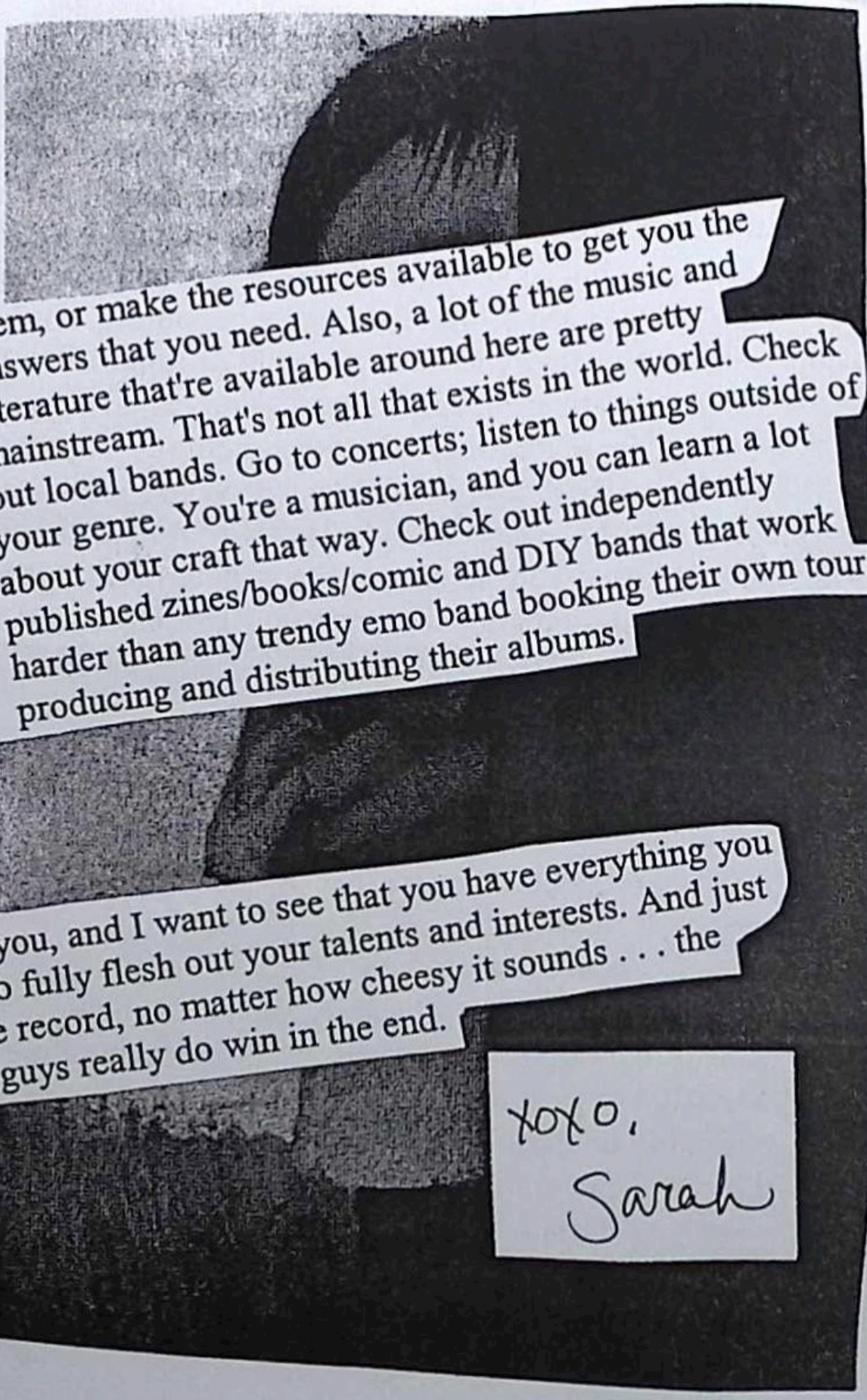
I've been where you are, but further in. It sucks. I know that. I know about feeling helpless while watching your parent crawl further and further in to addiction. I know about trying to act like nothing's wrong at school. I know a few things about feeling like your voice won't be heard among the chaos that defines you, and I know how badly you must want to scream your guts out sometimes.

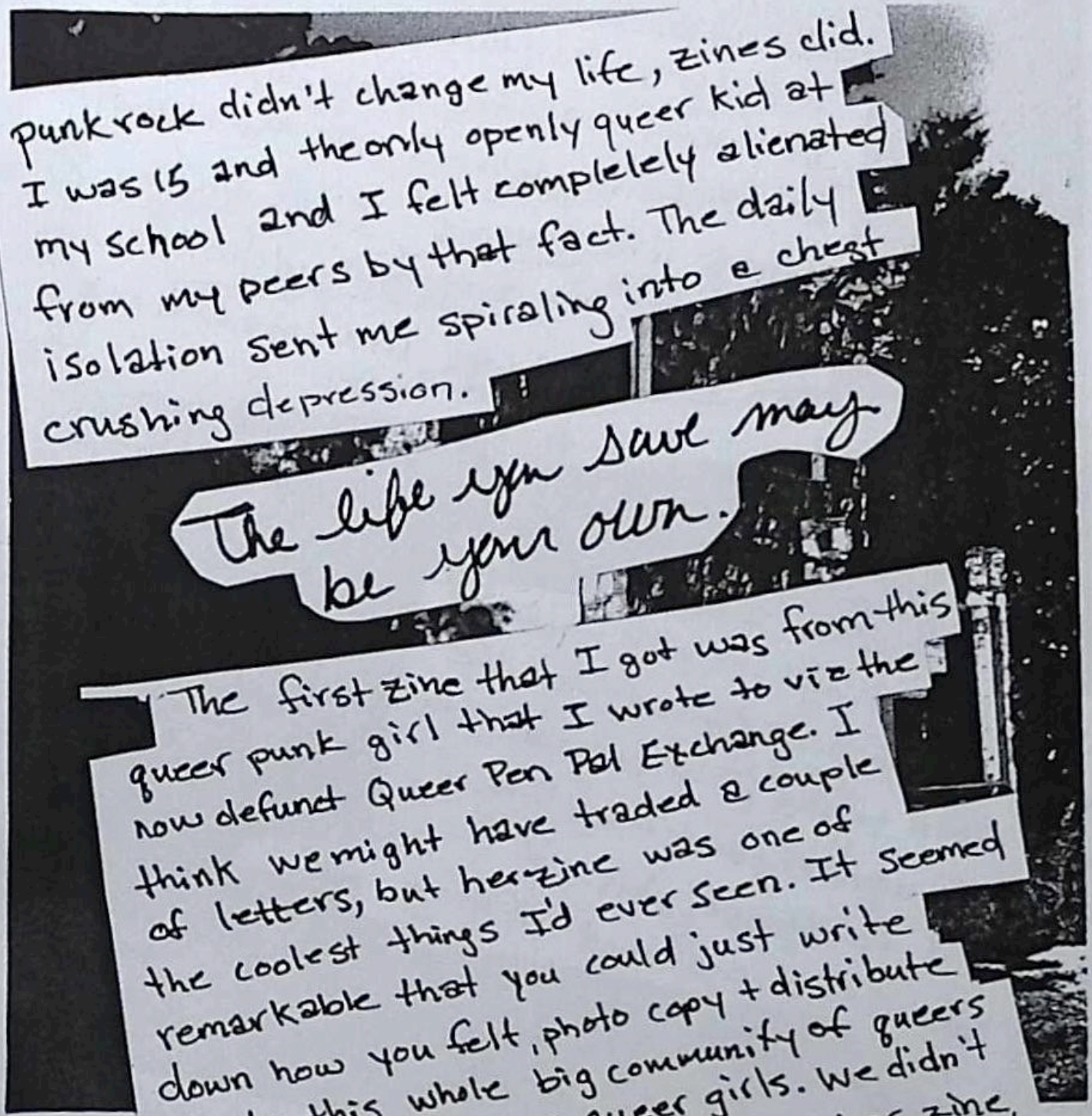
I also know that being a normal teenager alone is tough. You're trying to hash out an identity among an entire population of people who are trying to do the very same thing. And the thing about populations is that sometimes who you are, and who you're growing into gets kind of lost and muddled. It's easy to compromise what you might think is right when told otherwise by your friends, people you like and respect.

I know sometimes it seems like a waiting game. Like you're just sort of pushing through until graduation and college, but identity isn't going to be something that is just miraculously granted. And it's different for everyone. For me it was coming to terms with my queer identity. For you, it might be balancing out a sense of cultural pride with that weird otherness that happens when you're the exception in a homogonous area.

A couple of things here, and I know it's mushy and we've talked a little about it. Sometimes growing up is uncomfortable. Ok, most of the time it is. You're probably under a fair amount of stress, and I want you to know how very, very proud I am of the man you're becoming. And I want you to know that you have a couple of reliable resources for information and support. You can always call me. No matter what. If you need something, or just to talk. If there's something bugging you, or if you just need an honest, no bs answer that isn't filled with religious propaganda. I trust your innate ability to determine right from wrong, and no matter what happens I support you.

There's a lot to be curious about and there's a lot about normal teenage curiosity that makes people [redacted] uncomfortable. Addiction runs in our family, as I'm sure that you well know. We don't talk about it a lot, because sometimes it's uncomfortable, and sometimes you're afraid that the things that are said out loud will be [redacted] repeated or misinterpreted. You're 15 now, and you'll probably be dating, and thinking about sex and sexuality. I'm sure you've had family life or something to that effect in school. I'm not exactly the "dude role model" you'd go to, but if you have questions, I'll do my best to answer

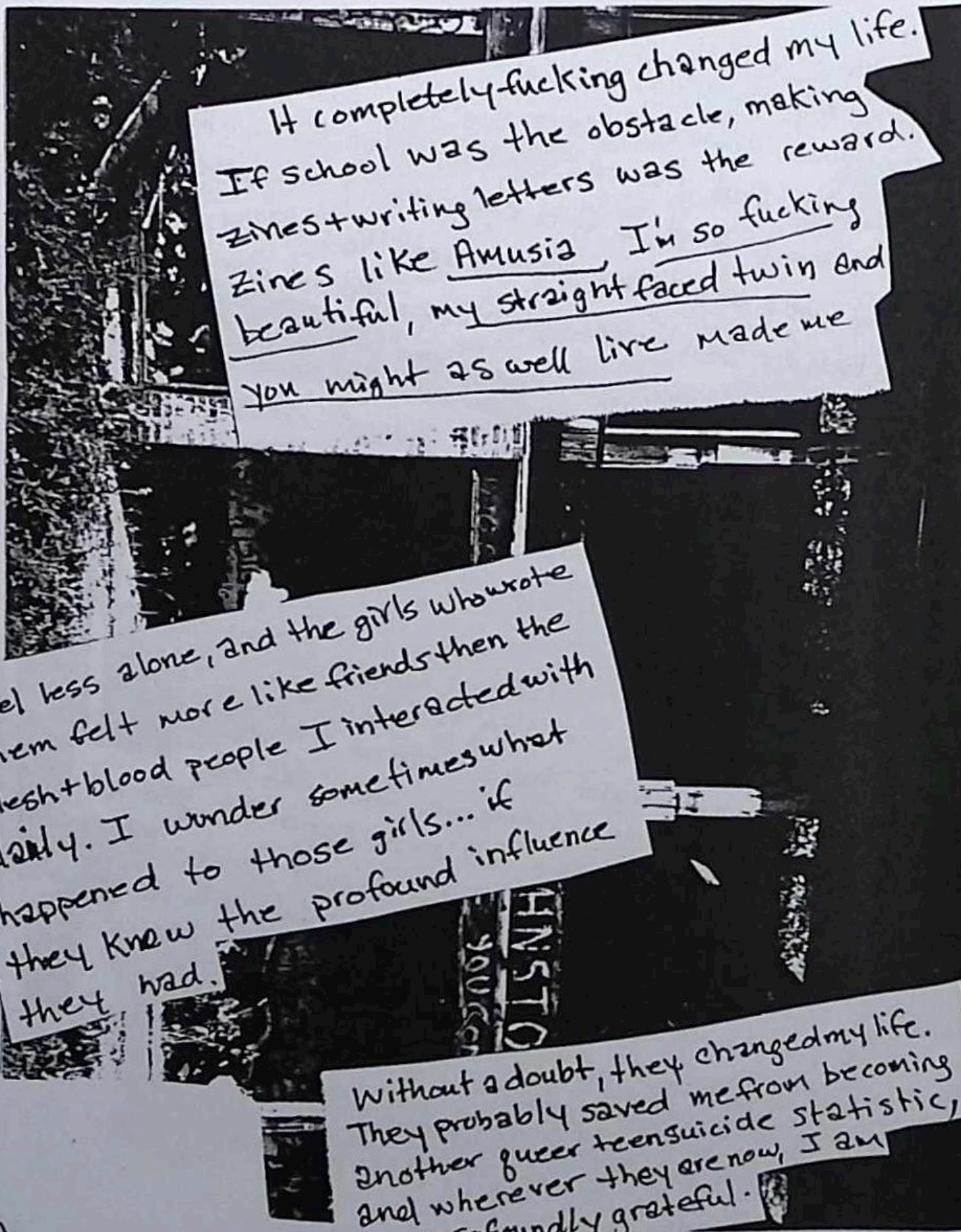

them, or make the resources available to get you the answers that you need. Also, a lot of the music and literature that're available around here are pretty mainstream. That's not all that exists in the world. Check out local bands. Go to concerts; listen to things outside of your genre. You're a musician, and you can learn a lot about your craft that way. Check out independently published zines/books/comic and DIY bands that work harder than any trendy emo band booking their own tours, producing and distributing their albums.
I love you, and I want to see that you have everything you need to fully flesh out your talents and interests. And just for the record, no matter how cheesy it sounds . . . the good guys really do win in the end.
xoxo,
Sarah



Punk rock didn't change my life, zines did. I was 15 and the only openly queer kid at my school and I felt completely alienated from my peers by that fact. The daily isolation sent me spiraling into a chest crushing depression.

The life you save may be your own.

The first zine that I got was from this queer punk girl that I wrote to via the now defunct Queer Pen Pal Exchange. I think we might have traded a couple of letters, but her zine was one of the coolest things I'd ever seen. It seemed remarkable that you could just write down how you felt, photo copy + distribute it to this whole big community of queers + girls... and other queer girls. We didn't stay in touch, but by sending me her zine, she handed me the key to the first community I really felt like part of.


It completely fucking changed my life.
If school was the obstacle, making zines + writing letters was the reward.
Zines like Amusia, I'm so fucking beautiful, my straight faced twin and you might as well live made me
feel less alone, and the girls who wrote them felt more like friends than the flesh + blood people I interacted with daily. I wonder sometimes what happened to those girls... if they knew the profound influence they had.
Without a doubt, they changed my life. They probably saved me from becoming another queer teen suicide statistic, and wherever they are now, I am profoundly grateful.

A couple of quick thanks:

Hannah, of course, work people, mine friends. Purcell Press, American Waste Distro, Sweet Pea Zine Distro, and you for reading.

Back issues available for a dollar each. Stay tuned for Zinetopia #0, also $1.

Communicate.

Sarah R.

[redacted]

2 4 6 30

@

gmail.com

(hooks t
276-880
IBANEZ
hardshel
9176
ARMSTR
good cor
3374
BANJO F
model, G
hardshell
flowers ir
been sigr
Stanley, R
& Jack Co
strap $1(
3488 afte
3/4 SCA
Fiddle, in
string, bo
w/ cut m
276-991-
after 10
REGAL R
w/ case,
ack & sides, sp
sonator, roun
nut adaptor,
strings, sounds
276-926-0102
GUITAR, early 60's model,
collectors item, Sunburst
w/ white trim $50 firm

ts of
$300

flea market
reopening
4th in the o
Warehouse
Tazewell VA

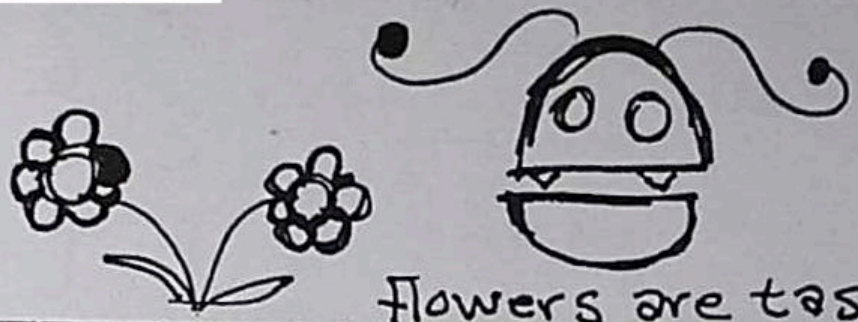
656
DOR
rch
orth
i.m.-4

mike & book, exc cond
$100 276-835-1819 after
6 p.m.
YAMAHA KEYBOARD $25
276-395-7304
EMERSON CD/CASS
PLAYER never used $50
276-395-7304
5 STRING BANJO,
Harmony, real nice $325
276-873-6110 or 2
5722 after 7 pm
VIOLIN, like new
276-873-6110 or 2
5722 after 7 pm
GIBSON BLACK GU
old but nice $395 2
873-6110 or 276-873-5722
after 7 pm
PEAVEY CONDENSER
instrument microphone,

Sarah
xoxo

22

Tanyarell's Favorite Eccentric
Sarah R.



TO _____

_____

_____

_____ ZIP _____